

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

No. 6.

VOL. VI.]

New-York....Saturday, December 5....1807.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE

CAVE OF ST. SIDWELL.

(Continued from page 67.)

What has she to fear who stamps with reverence and honour every sentiment she inspires. Is there on earth a wretch base enough to offer the least insult to such virtue?

ROUSSEAU.

ON the following day, as soon as every thing was satisfactorily arranged, our travellers set out in hopes of reaching the chateau, which was at the distance of thirty miles from the wood. Rosa parted with reluctance from her young friends at the cottage: and promised, that as soon as she was settled in her new residence, she would send for Juliette to live with her, not as a domestic, but as a confidential friend. Lucius dejectedly hung his head, and could scarcely restrain his tears, as she bade him adieu with the tenderness of sisterly affection. The party rode slowly, on account of Alphonso's ill state of health; and their discourse took an interesting turn, till heavy falling drops gave them apprehension of an approaching storm, and turned their thoughts awhile from domestic arrange-

ments to present convenience. They had reached the skirts of the wood, an open plain lay before them, and heavy gathering clouds warned them that shelter would be necessary. "I think," said Alphonso, "that when I passed this track before, the turrets of an abbey appeared somewhere to the right, at no great distance. Could we retreat thither, as a temporary asylum, it would save us the trouble of returning to the cottage." Reginald thinking the advice good, turned his horse into the path pointed out by Alphonso, and pursuing it at a brisk pace, soon reached the postern gate. Rosa, who had never beheld an edifice of the kind, declared she would rather continue the journey, notwithstanding the torrents of rain which fell, than enter such a gloomy pile of ruins. "This gate is fast, I find," said Reginald; "we must ride round and try our luck at the grand entrance." Rosa timidly followed her guardian, while Alphonso rallied her for her timidity, and strove to excite her curiosity by a description of the various religious institutions, the ingenuity of the nuns, and the splendour of their devotional ceremonies. Reginald, however, could obtain no answer to his repeated sounding of the ponderous bell—all was wrapped in mists.

pitiable silence. 'These monks are very negligent of the offices of humanity,' said Alphonso; 'I fear my Rosa will not be gratified with the novelties I promised her.' 'Perhaps they are at their orisons,' rejoined Reginald.—'But hark! did not you hear voices among the trees?—Travellers like ourselves, perhaps, hastening hither for shelter' He had scarcely finished the sentence, before two cavaliers rode up to the gate, who seemed in merry converse. On perceiving the group already waiting for admission, they seemed a little embarrassed; and after speaking to each other in a low voice, one of them accosted Reginald—'May I presume to ask,' said he, 'whether choice or necessity occasion you to seek admission here.' 'The latter, I can assure you, cavalier,' replied Reginald: 'I should unwillingly tax the hospitality of the holy fathers, but that I am anxious for the accommodation of this fair companion in distress.' The stranger smiled courteously, and replied, 'Our arrival is fortunate; we have some influence here, and can promise you a good reception.—Please to ride this way.' Reginald was rather surprized at the familiar manners of the stranger; but followed, with many expressions of civility, to the postern gate they had before vainly tried to open. The stranger, putting aside some thick underwood, discovered the handle of a bell, which he sounded twice, and in a very short time, the gate was opened by a tall, hard-

featured monk, who, bowing low, with his hands crossed upon his breast in silence, permitted them to enter. The monk then cautiously fastened the portal, and preceded them into a large apartment, where he pointed to chairs, and then retired. 'This is a strange reception,' said Alphonso, looking at Reginald; 'I should like to know the name of this monastery.' 'You are now in the abbey of St. Sidwell,' rejoined one of the cavaliers; 'and the oddity of the holy brotherhood is only equalled by their hospitality. I have often been entertained here, and always went away satisfied with my reception.' Alphonso seemed rather better reconciled by this information, but he began to feel a little alarm, as he observed the increasing interest with which the strangers appeared to view Rosa. In a few minutes the monk returned; his cowl was drawn closer over his face, and in his hand he held a basket, well stored with wine, cakes, cold tongues and bread, which he promptly spread on the table before them. 'Be not strange,' said he, respectfully bowing, 'but freely partake of this refreshment. If you will permit me, gentlemen, I will take your cloaks and outer garments to dry.' Rosa threw off the large cloak which covered her, and displayed the lovely symmetry of her form; and again the strangers gazed on her with rapturous admiration. 'Your swords will be rusted with the wet,' said one of the strangers, delivering up his

own : his comrade following his example ; Reginald and Alphonso incautiously did the same, and they altogether sat down to the repast. The strangers took upon them as masters of the feast, and the wine circulated briskly. In about an hour's time Reginald rose.—'It is fit,' said he, 'that we pursue our journey—the atmosphere seems cleared, and we shall proceed with renovated vigour.' 'Stop,' cried one of the strangers, 'we must first return thanks to the holy fathers for this kind reception.' He looked significantly at the monk, who hastily retired : after a short interval, approaching footsteps were heard—the door was thrown open, and a party of armed men entered : Rosa shrieked with terror, and flew to the protecting arms of Reginald. 'Ha! treachery !' cried Alphonso, 'then we are lost.' The chief, named Fernando, advanced with a resolute, yet respectful mein. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'we mean you no violence. It is true, your own credulity has assisted us in deceiving you as to the nature of this order, which is that of Independence and Universal Property, rather than Mercy and St. Sidwell ; but, tho' freebooters, we are not assassins. Self-preservation may oblige us to be strict, but if you are not perverse, you will acknowledge that you might have fallen into worse hands. By a recent misadventure, we have lost several brave men, and now make you an offer of filling their places, reserving this la-

dy only, as the hostage of your fidelity.' Who can speak the anguish of Reginald at this horrid proposal ;—he beheld all his dearest hopes blasted, and dreading to exasperate the ruffian band by his expressions of abhorrence, he turned disdainfully away. Rosa, overcome with terror and dismay, fainted away ; and was, by the peremptory command of Fernando, torn from Alphonso's arms, and conveyed to a separate apartment. 'I will give you twenty-four hours to consider of my proposal,' said Fernando, 'and you will do well not to reject it ; meanwhile, the lady shall be treated with respect, or if you will consent to yield her to my arms, you shall be suffered to depart unmolested, after taking a solemn oath of secrecy.' The rage and indignation of Reginald now broke forth with unrestrained bitterness ; but all his threats and invectives were listened to by Fernando with contemptuous indifference. 'Exhaust your useless fury,' said he, 'and you will then be more reasonable. Know you not that your life is in our hands, and that we are not accustomed thus to temporize with our prisoners.' He then haughtily retired, and secured the door with strong bars. Locked in each other's arms, Reginald and Alphonso bewailed the fate of their tenderly-beloved Rosa ; they trembled at the idea of the insults which brutal power could inflict, and cursed their own credulity, which had led them into such a snare.

Let us now return to the hapless Rosa, who, sunk on a miserable bed, in a gloomy apartment, remained a prey to the most agonizing suspense: with bitter cries she called on Alphonso and Reginald, but her cries were unheard, except by a withered old hag, who sat by her side, and muttered peevish execrations at her impatience, and threatened her with severe punishment if she remained so perverse. Rosa regarded the countenance of this wretch with shuddering antipathy; it was cadaverous, wrinkled, and unsoftened by any feminine trait. 'Are you a woman?' cried she, 'is your heart dead to all humanity?—Merciful heaven, for what a destiny am I reserved!' 'For a very good one,' replied the woman, 'if you know how to deserve it.—Mercy on us, what an uproar is here about nothing.' 'Nothing! do you call it!' exclaimed the heart-broken Rosa, 'Is it nothing to be torn from the dear protector of my infancy, to become the victim of inhuman outlaws? Oh, Reginald! unhappy friend! what will be thy destiny? thou art surely doomed to be the sport of misery.' 'What Reginald is this, of whom you so often speak?' asked the old woman, gazing curiously in her face. 'Oh, he is the most noble—the most injured of men!' cried Rosa, clasping her hands with a fervent ejaculation for his safety. 'I want to know nothing of his goodness,' replied Maud, peevishly, 'What other name does he bear?' Rosa,

fearing she might do wrong by incautiously betraying the name and rank of her friends, repulsed the curiosity of her attendant with some dignity, and the old woman, piqued by her behaviour, relapsed her usual ill-temper.

[*To be continued.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE

INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER;

OR,

HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

(*Continued from P. 71.*)

"Young woman, what do you want?" enquired Mrs. Mountain, in an appalling tone of voice.—'Aye, what do you want?' repeated the inhuman being, whom I had rescued from the sarcasms of Captain Flash.—'Charity,' cried the afflicted mourner, bursting into a flood of tears.—'Charity begins at home,' said Mr. Mountain, cramming half a roll into his capacious jaws.—'Oh, demme! sir,' exclaimed the captain, throwing half-a-crown upon the table, 'who would refuse a trifle to such a supplicating pair of eyes?—Come, come, draw your purse-strings, we'll give her half-a-crown a-piece.' 'Half-a-crown, indeed!' repeated the astonished Mrs. Thyne; she is very well off, I think already; it

is only encouraging indolence and vice.

'Pardon me, madam,' said the suppliant, in the gentlest tone of voice, 'misfortune of the severest nature, induced me to solicit charity—and I assure you it is the first time.'—'Oh, it is always the first time, for the matter of that,' rejoined Mr. Mountain; 'I might as well say it is the first time as I ever eat an egg,' breaking the shell of one at the same moment, and directing towards the stranger an insulting glance.

'Will any person follow that gentleman's example, said I, putting the half-crown into the poor creature's hand; 'If they are disinclined to perform an act of charity, let them not insult a fellow-creature's woes; misfortune ought, and shall, be held sacred, wherever I am a party concerned.'

The solemnity of my voice, and the sternness of my features, as I made this declaration, produced the desired effect; for both Mrs. Thyne, and Mountain, instantly put a shilling into my hand, and Sally drew her purse from her pocket, but was ordered to replace it by her aunt.—'That is damn'd shameful, madam! exclaimed the young soldier; 'you are paving your own way to heaven, and shutting the gate against your neice; but she shall do an act of charity if she likes it—so take my purse, and give what you please.' So saying, he tendered it to Sally, who unre-

luctantly took from it half-a-crown, and presented it with an air of triumph, rather than with genuine feeling of heart.

As I have ever practised the doctrine of our Redeemer, or in other words, not allowed my left hand to know what my right performed, I resolved to follow the interesting mendicant out of the room, that no person might know whether I was niggardly or liberal in the boon which I bestowed. Perceiving the adjoining apartment unoccupied, I intreated the stranger to walk in, assuring her she had excited in my breast a sentiment superior to curiosity, and intreating her to inform me by what means she had been reduced to such distress; for, said I, your person and appearance convince me you were not born to this humble state. At this moment I perceived fresh horses approaching: curiosity was wound to its highest pitch, yet I knew it would be impossible to have it gratified without some plausible delay: therefore, calling the coachman, I held half-a-crown between my fingers, and told him it was to be the reward of civility, if he would wait half an hour. The captain had by this time quitted his *dulcinea*, and was blustering about the yard, swearing the company were out of patience, at being delayed so long.

'We will be off in a moment, please your honour, said the coachman, at the same time stooping down and examining the wheels—

Why, damme Jack, you are a pretty sort of a fellow ! this here linch-pin would have broke before we had got half a mile, he exclaimed, calling to the hostler, and desiring a new one and a hammer, might instantly be brought. The captain instantly repaired to his party to inform them of their providential escape, and I returned to the afflicted mourner, who related her simple history in the following words :

THE PRETENDED MARRIAGE;

OR,

'THE HISTORY OF ELIZA.

My father, Sir, inherited a small estate from his ancestors : you probably observed a white cottage, adjoining the mill, and in that humble habitation, I first drew my infant breath. My mother, unfortunately, died in child-bed of her seventh son, and at this period I was not more than fifteen months old. A sister of my father undertook to manage his family, though ill did she supply our irreparable loss ; for dogs and cats occupied that affection which ought to have been bestowed upon us. My father was too much engaged in his business, to know the unkind treatment we received ; and as in his presence my aunt always behaved to us with kindness, he had no idea of the miserable life we led. As a child, I was thought to possess some personal attractions : the lady of the manor happened to see me when about five years old, and pleased with my conversation,

and appearance, offered to take me home. The offer was gratefully accepted :—my little heart burned with delight ; for the caresses which Lady Charlotte bestowed upon me, seemed a foretaste of the happiness I was to enjoy.

Though Lady Charlotte was at that time fifty, she entered into all my childish sports, and never is the sudden transition from misery to happiness to be effaced from my grateful heart. Though blest with affluence, she had felt the severest misfortunes ; she had lost the object of her fondest regard, and two lovely children, within the short space of a few months.

Ardent in my disposition, and strong in my affections, the enthusiastic fondness I displayed towards her, was soothing to her heart ; and when introducing me to her friends, she always told them that in me she had found a solace for her woes. With maternal anxiety she superintended my education ; masters of every kind were procured ; and as gratitude inspired me with emulation, I soon acquired a degree of excellence in whatever I was taught.

Though Lady Charlotte had no children, she had neices and a nephew, who soon began to view me with an envious eye, and who subjected me to all those painful mortifications which inventive malice was able to devise. It was not merely from the relations of Lady

Charlotte that I received mortifying indignities ; for my own envied the superiority of my fate ; and if I obtained leave to pass a day in the bosom of my family, I always returned home with my eyes suffused in tears. My benefactress, exasperated against them by this mode of conduct, at length declared I should never again visit the mill ; and, sending for my father, condemned him with severity for suffering his other children to behave unkindly to *her little girl*. My poor father unfortunately possessed too independent a spirit, and thinking himself insulted by her ladyship's remarks, unceremoniously told her she was welcome to *keep me always at home* ; adding, that he did not care three farthings if he ever again saw me at the mill.

Thus then I was renounced by my natural protector ; but the kindness of my benefactress increased, and though at first I was deeply affected by the cruelty of my father's behaviour, a little time conquered my grief, and five years elapsed without ever seeing any of my family, except by accident, or at church. As I increased in years, Lady Charlotte's relations seemed no longer to feel envious of the affection she displayed, and not only paid me every attention in her presence, but when she was out of sight. In delicacy to the memory of this amiable woman, I shall conceal the name of those to whom she was allied, and who inherited her personal property and

her estate. At the time of my being received into the family, Mr. Edward L—— was about fifteen, and his twin sisters eighteen months older than himself. That dislike which, as a boy, he had always testified towards me, even in the presence of his aunt, in the course of a few years seemed converted into affection, and he took every opportunity of evincing his regard. The impressions of childhood, however, are not easily eradicated ; and I was better pleased at receiving decided proofs of his hatred, than marks of love and esteem ; in short, he had inspired me with an unconquerable aversion, which I found impossible to overcome.

I will not, Sir, attempt to repeat the various stratagems he practised to induce me to listen to those addresses which I despised ; his sisters even became advocates for him, yet in the presence of my benefactress, he was always reservedly polite, and instead of displaying the slightest symptom of attachment, behaved with as much distance, as if we had scarcely ever met. This mode of conduct increased my antipathy ; but to account for it, he informed me his aunt was desirous of his marrying the daughter of the Earl of C——, a young lady to whom he professed the greatest aversion ; yet as he was dependent upon his relation, he informed me he dare not openly reject her choice : 'but my dearest Eliza, he would say, 'who-

once the priest has united our destiny, my aunt will then find resistance vain ; and that love which she feels for you will plead in our favour, and her affectionate heart will easily relent.

(*To be continued.*)

ORIGINAL LETTER
FROM ROBERT BURNS,
*Being the foundation of one of his most
excellent Poems.*

WEEL mounted on his grey mare *Meg*,
A better, never lifted leg.
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bon-
net ;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots
sonnet ;
Whiles glow'ring round with prudent
cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares ;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and howlets nightly cry.

In a collection of miscellaneous papers of the antiquary Grose, which I purchased a few years since, I found the following letter written to him by Burns, when the former was collecting the Antiquities of Scotland ; when I premise it was on the second tradition that he afterwards formed the inimitable tale of "*Tam O'Shanter*," I cannot doubt of its being read with great interest. It were "burning day-light" to point out to a reader (and who is not a reader of Burns,) the thoughts he afterwards transplanted into the rhythmical narrative. O. G.

LETTER OF ROBERT BURNS TO
FRANCIS GROSE, F. A. S.
Concerning Witch-Stories.

Among the many witch-stories I have heard, relating to Alloway Kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three.

Upon a stormy night, amid whirling squalls of wind, and bitter blasts of hail, in short, on such a night as the devil would chuse to take the air in, a farmer, or farmer's servant, was plodding and splashing homeward with his plough-irons on his shoulder, having been getting some repairs on them at a neighbouring smithy. His way lay by the Kirk of Alloway, and being rather on the anxious look-out in approaching a place so well known to be a favourite haunt of the devil and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast, by discovering thro' the horrors of the storm, and stormy night, a light, which on his nearer approach, plainly shewed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from above on his devout supplication, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of satan ; or whether, according to another custom, he had got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine ; but so it was, that he ventured to go up to, nay, into the very kirk.—As good luck would have it, his temerity came off unpunished. The members of the infernal junta were all on some

midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle, or caldron, depending from the roof, over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, &c. for the business of the night. It was, in for a penny, in for a pound, with the honest ploughman ; so without ceremony, he unhooked the caldron from off the fire, and pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained long in the family, a living evidence of the truth of the story.

Another story, which I can prove to be equally authentic, was as follows :—

On a market-day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the gate of Alloway kirk-yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards further on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till by the time he reached Alloway, it was the wizard-hour, between night and morning. Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet as it is a well known fact, that to turn back on these occasions, is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirk-yard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of

witches around their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the powers of his bagpipes.—The farmer stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentlemen was dressed, tradition does not say ; but the ladies were all in their shifts ; and one of them happening unluckily to have a shift which was considerably too short to answer all the purposes of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled, that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh, ‘ Weel luppen * Maggy wi’ the short sark !’ and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Luckily it was for the poor farmer, that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of the horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing vengeful hags were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him ; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream, but the horse’s tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal gripe, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning ; but the far-

* Luppen, Scots, participle passive of the verb, to leap.

mer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tail-less condition of the vigorous steed, was to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick Farmers, not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

The last relation I shall give, though equally true, is not so well identified as the two former, with regard to the scene; but as the best authorities give it for Alloway, I shall relate it.

On a summer's evening, about the time that nature puts on her sables to mourn the expiry of the cheerful day, a shepherd boy, belonging to a farmer in the immediate neighbourhood of Alloway Kirk, had just folded his charge, and was returning home. As he passed the kirk, in the adjoining fields he fell in with a crew of men and women, who were busy pulling stems of the plant ragwort. He observed, that as each person pulled a ragwort, he or she got astride of it, and called out, 'Up horsie!' on which the ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his ragwort, and cried with the rest, 'Up horsie!' and, strange to tell, away he flew with the company. The first stage at which the cavalcade stopped, was a merchant's wine cellar in Bordeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to

throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their carousals.—The poor shepherd had, being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse, he fell asleep, and was found so next morning by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said he was such-a-one's herd in Alloway; and, by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale. I am, &c.

ROBERT BURNS.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE SELECTOR.

No. 6.

SCRAPS.

How grateful is the tranquility of occupation! It detaches from many evils! from the listlessness of existence, the pangs of recollection, and the miseries of dependance!—*Port-Folio.*

A TOBACONIST having made his fortune by his business, resolving to set up his carriage, consulted a classical friend respecting a proper motto, adding that he was afraid he should be accused of ostentation, and laughed at by his less fortunate neighbours. Never mind that, replied the friend, I can give you a motto that will silence them.

The carriage was started, and the words "*quid rides*,"* appeared in conspicuous characters on the panel. Those who understood Latin, and were disposed to ridicule the new made gentleman, felt the reprimand. But the crowd, taking it for English, shouted as he passed, *Quid rides ! Quid rides !*

* What do you laugh at.

Rest assured, that, in the exercise of social and religious duties, the mind will find her solid happiness. Wandering in restless search like Noah's dove, 'tis here she finds at length the welcome olive, the branch whose verdure blooms for immortality. Should you doubt the assertion, be prevailed on at least to try the experiment.

If Mr. Pope, architect, of New-York, persist in heading his advertisements with "*Patent Brides*," he may have more business than he can well attend to. *Balance.*

A FRAGMENT.

The events disclosed in the following occurred a few years since.

FREDERICK was returning from Europe, to the young and beautiful Cordelia. He had long been absent. The blue hills of home already rose to view—his heart beat high with expectation—Hope promised him immediate felicity, and the breeze that played in the swelling canvas seemed to confirm her whispers. But they encountered the ship of an enemy—

they fought—and many a gallant hero died bravely in his country's cause! After a battle long and bloody, superior force compelled Frederick to strike. With reluctance he resigned his sword, and as he gave it up, bedewed it with a tear. He was cast alone, into the dungeon of the ship; for his superior courage had exasperated the ignoble and unfeeling enemy.

The sun was sinking beneath the western main; the sky was serene; the waves were in gentle commotion; the bustle of battle had subsided; and Frederick was left to muse on the melancholy vicissitude of fate. His hopes had fled; he saw nothing in the prospect but gloom and terror; he felt the phrenzy of despair working in his brain. In an agony of grief he drew from his pocket a small flute which he bore constantly about him, and poured out the melancholy of his soul in the wild notes that first fell from it. They were wild indeed, but soft and touching; they floated in the still breezes of evening; they reached the conqueror's ear, and melted his heart. He demanded the musician's name. He called Frederick before him—released, and restored him to his home. With eager joy he flew to his Cordelia. He placed his flute in the same hall where he said his devotions, and, decking it monthly with fresh gathered laurel, at every twilight plays symphonies of gratitude to the God of music!

Penina.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE
"OLDWOMAN."

(Continued from Page 78.)

JULIA was the daughter of a clergyman, and was brought up in all that strict propriety of behaviour which became her situation. Her mother was an excellent manager, and her father an excellent scholar; and she profitted by the instructions of both to the full. Her fortune, however, was limited;—and her parents, though indulgent, found it difficult to support her in a style equal to her wishes, and indeed to their own. She was early noticed by a young gentleman of the same parish, who, though uncultivated, possessed a good heart, and a fortune far superior to her own. She did not dislike him; her parents sanctioned the acquaintance which was likely to lead to a permanent connection; and for a couple of years, the young people and their respective families, seemed mutually happy in the prospect before them.

About this time the squire of the parish, as the principal landowner is usually styled, having come of age, made a visit to his estate; and being received at the parsonage during his temporary sojourn in the neighbourhood, had an opportunity of seeing Julia, and in a short time professed himself her admirer. To do her justice she did not appear to be much flattered by this preference; and though she

felt no ardent attachment to her original lover, she valued and esteemed him, and therefore was unwilling to listen to the addresses of the squire. But her parents, who ought to have approved the motives by which she was actuated, ceased not to encourage the pretensions of her new lover; and in order to shew her duty rather than her love, she was obliged to give up her yeoman, who generously declared that he would not stand in the way of her happiness, if she thought she could be more happy with his rival than with him.—This declaration touched her heart, and awakened all her sensibility; but the commands of the authors of her being were imperious; and she wedded a man of whom she had little knowledge, and who was equally ignorant and regardless of her real merits. It was not long, however, before the charms of novelty wearing off, that her husband attached himself to a mistress whom he introduced into his house, and under the pretence of allowing his wife to visit her relations in the country, he was planning to desert her, which he carried into effect, by leaving her with a slender annual provision, and carrying his favourite to the continent.

In these instances I have related who, under all the circumstances of the case, could have expected to find matrimonial felicity? or, that the parties should have been able, after a few months' intimate union, to exclaim,

Blest state! where souls each other draw,
Where love is liberty and law!

—
No. CIV.

In the last number of my lucubrations I furnished my fair readers with a few select matrimonial histories, in which the ladies were evidently chargeable with the infelicity they suffered. The motives which directed their conduct could not fail to be productive of misery; and if they found the nuptial couch a bed of thorns, their own imprudence made it so.

On this occasion I shall produce some instances of similar folly on the part of the other sex in their choice of a wife, and of consequent misery and disappointment.

HILARUS was left in possession of an ample fortune at an early age; and he hastened to spend rather than to enjoy it. He engaged in all the dissipations of fashionable life, kept horses, carriages, servants, and mistresses; played deep and became the dupe of sharpers, who preyed on his good nature and easy unsuspecting disposition.—When the ravages made on his constitution gave him occasional moments of reflection, he determined to abandon his pernicious courses, and to reform while he had any property left; but no sooner did he regain his usual share of health than he was hurried into the same excesses as before, and amidst the gaiety of his companions, forgot the resolutions he had

formed in solitude and sickness.—He was naturally cheerful, saw only the bright side of things; or, if unfavourable events gave him a gloomy impression, it was speedily effaced by new scenes and new amusements, which followed each other in endless succession. But tho' fashionably vicious, his heart was not wholly depraved; and about the age of twenty-five he fell desperately in love with a young lady of great beauty and merit, but who was too poor to become his wife, and too virtuous to be attempted for a mistress. His attentions made an impression on her tender and susceptible heart; but prudent caution checked her tongue, and neither a word nor an action could be interpreted as giving him reason to presume on his influence over her. By this time his affairs became deeply involved, and those who had shared in the plunder were the first to blame his imprudence, and to point out the ruin he would entail on himself, if he married a woman without fortune, however deeply he might be enamoured of her charms, or however distinguished her worth. He listened to their suggestions, and though it cost him many a struggle he resolved to leave his Hortensia, and to look out a dowered bride, who would enable him to keep up appearances, and to live in the style to which he had been accustomed.

It was not long before chance threw in his way what he wanted.

rather than wished for. At a public place he met an old widow, whose older husband had been induced, by her artifices, to leave her the sole command of a large estate, hoping that she would never marry again, and that she would be inclined, out of gratitude, as well as a love of justice, to allow it to revert to his heirs, when she could no longer want it. His motives were generous but he calculated wrong. The widow, though past her grand climacteric, enjoyed a fresh old age, and possessed of an ample independent fortune, she made no doubt of obtaining a husband young enough to be her son. She was gay, lively, and not unpleasing in her person, which she set off to the best advantage ; and as Hilarus, after quitting his Hortensia, felt it a matter of indifference with whom he matched himself, provided he obtained a fortune, he had little difficulty in procuring the dowager's consent to become his wife, who was charmed with the attractions of a gay young fellow, and settled her whole estate on him and his heirs—little imagining that she should outlive him, or want any part of it herself.....To make short, they married ; and Hilarus never saw another happy day. His wife was not only ridiculously fond, but excessively jealous of him ; he could not be happy in her company, and if he left her he was received on his return with tears and reproaches. Life now became a burden to him ; but, before he could spend the whole of

the fortune she had brought him, or had made any disposition of it in future, he was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot, leaving her with a diminished income to lament the folly of such an unequal match.

[*To be Continued.*]

For the Lady's Miscellany.
.....

IN reply to the lady, authoress of a paragraph in the Miscellany of Saturday last, the advertising gentleman has to repeat, that he will form no manner of objection to the lady's person or features, and cannot conceive why so much trouble has been taken to acquaint him with those particulars—but as he suspects from the levity throughout the paragraph, that the lady is amusing herself and the public at his expense, he begs leave to remind her of the serious and earnest manner of his advertisement, and requests she will not trouble him further with her lively wit, as unless he can perceive at the first glance over any communications made to him either public or private from any lady, that she is serious, he will not waste his time in attending to them.—He need not repeat his assurances of *secrecy* and *honour* to those ladies who may favour him with their attention, and he still hopes that the lady now in question will seriously reply to him through the office of the Daily Advertiser.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

MR. EDITOR,

As I value the favour of the ladies paramount to the favour of all the world besides, I hope you will allow me, through the medium of your excellent miscellany, to vindicate the character of Mr. Rattle, who has been supposed guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors. He is mentioned as leaving the ladies in "hopeless affliction," and as this expression is a very indefinite one, a meaning has been affixed to it much more extensive than I intended it should bear. Wherefore, to put an end to controversy on this important subject, Know all men by these presents, and all women, know ye, that the affliction above alluded to, was purely mental, and arose from that love which the fascinations of Mr. Rattle unavoidably inspired, a love without any hope of reciprocation.

TIMOTHY RAMBLER.

New-York, Dec. 2, 1807.

To the Curious.—On Sunday last, a person, while walking near the Belvedere hill, discovered a hole or cavity in the bank; and on examining it with his cane, he found 1 guinea, dated 1745—3 Spanish Dollars, dated 1773—5 quarters, dated 1743—27 English half pennies, marked George the second, and a number of buttons marked 37th regiment. The skull and other parts of a human frame were also found in the same place.

Com. Ad.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening, by the rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. John Smith, to Miss Susan Brouwer, both of this city.

On Saturday last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Henry Cheavens, to Miss Susannah Coddington, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Milldoller, Elisha Morrill, Esq. of this city, to Miss Mary Tooker, of North-Castle, West-Chester county.

On Friday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. Othello Moore Graysman, of Yorkshire, England, to Miss Dingee Black Desdamo, of this city.

DIED,

At Windsor, Connecticut, on the 26th ult. the Hon. Oliver Ellsworth.

At Philadelphia, George Lasher, late inn-keeper of that city.

At Charleston George Irvine, Esq.

Lately at New-Orleans, deeply lamented, Mrs. Frances Prevost, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Stanhope Smith, of Princeton, and consort of the Hon. I. B. Prevost, late Recorder of this city.

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum.....payable *one in advance.*

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

POETRY.

PHYLANTHROPY.

LOUD howl'd the wind—all heaven was
sabled o'er ;

Lightning in wild confusion seem'd to
fly ;

Old ocean, madd'ning, wash'd the wave
worn shore,

And grumbling thunder roar'd along
the sky.

O scene of dread! wild Horror's fellest
form

Danc'd, wrapt in darkness, as he flitted
o'er ;

Th' affrighted sea bird, conscious of the
storm,

Scream'd from afar and wander'd
for the shore :

When Jack, aloft, thus to his mates on
deck ;

" The wind—for heaven's sake keep
her in the wind,

" Thro' streaks of lightning I per-
ceive a wreck—

" Up, up, bear up, let's help, or foe or
friend !"

A rope was thrown just when the light-
ning blaz'd !

Two sinking tars thus aided by its
fire,

Caught it—were sav'd ; bold Jack with
transport gaz'd :

They were his brother and his aged
sire.

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

A Parody on Mr. Pope's Ode to Solitude

HAPPY the boy whose wish and cheer
A little bread and butter serves,

Content at meals to drink small beer,
And eat preserves.

Whose top and marbles give him plea-
sure ;

Who's happy with his paper kite ;
Whose pennies shine a mighty treasure
To charm his sight !

Blest, who can every morning find
Some idle lads with him to play ;
When in the fields he hath a mind
From school to stay.

Nor ferule fears, nor birch more dire,
But plays all day, and sleeps all night ;
Some other boys his cash will hire,
His task to write.

Thus let me live, thus life enjoy,
Until to manhood I attain ;
Thus like me almost every boy
Will do again.

A FATHER'S CONSOLATION TO
HIS CHILD,

*On the unfortunate Fate of her Lottery
Chance.*

Fortune has shewn, my dearest Peg,
Her usual slippery prank,
Has broke thy promis'd golden egg—
Thy ticket proves a blank.

If this mischance but teach thy scone
To scorn such bubbles frail,
As made the giddy milk-maid once
O'erturn her precious pail ;

Teach thee on *self* alone to rest,
On virtuous means and wise,
Hereafter with this *blank* be blest,
And prove indeed a prize.

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